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### Notes of the Week

PARLIAMENT has been engaged on routine business during the week, and so far as the Government are concerned, the stage seems set for the early and peaceful demise of the session. The fall of the curtain will not be unduly delayed by the Labour Vote of Censure, which will probably not amount to much—the Opposition is too weak in quality as well as quantity to put up an effective fight—and a much more important development is that of the private members in favour of Economy on a large scale.

It is assumed as axiomatic by this movement, which will presumably function as a Ginger Group,

#### The Economy Campaign

that the Government has not really pulled its weight in economising on the administration of the State. Large public economies are still necessary, and indeed essential, and the Cabinet will be held strictly to account until it has reduced the present intolerable burden of taxation.

The Conservative economists are undoubtedly justified in their general attitude; the cost of the State has increased, until a year ago it was still increasing, and it must be diminished. So far there is general agreement, but the difficulty comes over priority of procedure.

Cheese-paring has been done on a small scale, and no doubt is still going on. But the effect of these minor savings is small, and it is bound to diminish after the first few months; and what the Conservative protesters want, as we understand,

is the curtailment of almost every department of State, and the abolition of two or three departments that are considered redundant.

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That should not be impossible—although past experience has shown that every department is strongly entrenched and ready in advance to ambuscade every attack—but altogether apart from this, another section of the economy group is more insistent on reduction of the debt service than of the Civil Service as a first contribution to the restoration of a healthy system of State finance.

#### Conversion of Debt

Here, however, the Treasury keeps its own counsel, obviously in the belief that, although the present moment seems favourable to a large conversion process, another three or six months will see money still cheaper, and the prospects still better. This is, of course, a calculation of probabilities that must be left to the experts, but the economy group will probably want something more than vague assurances before the session ends.

In this, we think, they are perfectly justified. The rumour that the autumn will see a Supplementary Budget and fresh taxation has been scotched but not killed, by Mr. Neville Chamberlain; and if after this reassurance, a second Budget was after all found to be necessary, the life of the Government would be definitely imperilled. The best way to avert that peril is obviously to economise as much as possible, and as soon as possible.

The Anglo-Irish Conversations came to nothing—as was expected; and Mr. De Valera's motive in initiating them when he had no intention of suggesting anything practicable remains a mystery. So far as can be seen, the British Ministers' visit to Dublin and the Free State Ministers' visit to London were merely a waste of time.

It is understandable, of course, that Mr. De Valera feels the necessity of being represented at Ottawa; and that (much as he hates England) he realises that four-fifths of Irish produce is bought by England and that, unfortunately for Ireland, there is no alternative market. Oath or no Oath, Annuities or no Annuities, the Free State cannot afford to lose this trade.

As a matter of economics Mr. De Valera wants to sell his butter and eggs to England without buying shoes and ships and sealing-wax in return; that is to say, he wants a world that never was and never will be. It looks as if he had not yet begun to realise that the essence of trade is exchange.

As to the Oath, it is difficult to understand whether he wants abolition *tout court*, or whether he would retain it (as a more or less meaningless symbol) if he could get Ulster included in the Free State. The point is of no practical importance, since Ulster will not be coerced by Britain and cannot be coerced by the Free State; but it is useful to know what is in the other man's mind. In the case of Mr. De Valera, however, that is precisely what nobody knows at present.

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The papers have professed to find a more hopeful feeling about as to the prospects of the various international Conferences in session, or about to sit. That may be true of Downing Street, or of the few professional optimists who believe there is no evil. But so far as the mass of the public is concerned it is difficult to find anybody who takes these assemblies seriously.

Who, for example, except Mr. Arthur Henderson, could take the Disarmament Conference at Geneva seriously? It is simply marking time while another body of statesmen and experts and typists and propagandists are discussing Reparations at the other end of the Lake. Probably the delay does not matter in the least, for the politicians at Geneva are bound hand and foot by the experts, and the maximum and minimum defence programmes submitted are as alike as two pins.

If the prospects at Lausanne are more hopeful, the atmospheric improvement is due to two factors.

First, the general deterioration of the financial situation, in the same way that you can sometimes see more clearly on a bad day. And secondly, the fact that M. Herriot is of more accommodating mind than his predecessor, M. Tardieu.

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The weight of Reparations was not, as is generally supposed, the direct cause of the present financial paralysis, but it has certainly reduced the vitality of the patients and made recovery more difficult. Here the path to restoration is clearly defined: Drop the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan—both of which have crashed by their own weight—and adopt the principles of the Balfour Note.

The statesmen are at last beginning to see that there is no other cure for this particular disease, but it seems too much to expect that they will adopt the Balfour principle at one sitting. Perhaps, indeed, they cannot, for the position of the United States—which must necessarily have the last word in this controversy—is at once equivocal and impotent.

Equivocal, because Washington can give no clear lead until after the election; and impotent, because everybody knows that reparations and repayment of war debt will never be resumed in full. The upshot will be the expressions of pious hope at Geneva, the continuance of the moratorium, and the same feeling of frustration and uncertainty as before.

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Sir Donald Maclean was extraordinarily popular among all parties, and his premature and sudden death will be very generally regretted. His main achievement in politics was leading the small remnant of "Wee Free" Liberals in the House of Commons during Mr. Asquith's temporary absence after the war, and though it would be absurd to pretend that he did it successfully, it must be admitted that the conditions were impossible.

Maclean was a man of principle, a Free Trader without affix or suffix, and it can only have been a sense of duty that persuaded him to join the National Government last year—in which he must have had many uncomfortable moments. But although he held firmly to his principles, he carried little weight in politics, and his disappearance, though very regrettable on personal grounds, will not affect the strength of the Cabinet.

### Irish Oath and Annuities

### Reparations and Stability

### The Conferences

### Sir Donald Maclean

Ominous rumbles from Central Conservative offices at Palace Chambers are reverberating through the lobbies of Westminster. Neither Lord Stonehaven, the chief of the party executive, nor his two deputies, nor the lady chairman stand for working-class seats. The only one who did is Lord Howe, and his political licence has been taken away this week. In October last he returned 58 National M.P.'s out of a possible 62 in London. Now he is unemployed.

Feminist influence is again getting a grip on the party machine, though it largely ruined party policy in 1924-5, and caused the May 1929 catastrophe at the polls.

Since Younger's day there has been continual chop and change at Palace Chambers; there is a case for reform, but the reforming hand should put the clock forward, not back.

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The latest development in the Sunday films muddle is the proposal that there should be a special censorship for films shown on Sundays. The authors of this suggestion do not put forward a shadow of evidence in support of the scheme, but they beg the question, and attempt to prejudice the cinema in general, by the *suggestio falsi* that many theatres are in the habit of showing a specially degraded type of picture on Sundays. Commonsense would seem to suggest that, if a film is suitable for public exhibition on six days of the week, it is unlikely to injure public morals if shown on the seventh; but commonsense is not the distinguishing feature of Stiggins.

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"Your comment last week that the Post Office seems to take rather too literally the injunction to do no manner of work on the Sabbath," writes a correspondent, "by no means overstates the case. How many Londoners know that the Sunday collection at midnight has, like the penny post, ceased to exist, and that the last collection in most parts of the Metropolitan area is now a little after ten? And curfew is sounded even earlier on Bank Holidays, although the Post Office makes no public notification of the fact, as would be done by the railway companies in comparable circumstances."

#### The Postal Sabbath

My correspondent's complaint is the more justified in view of the fact that the Postmaster-General has just announced a ten million surplus, and has been careful to add that, in spite of this profit—the largest on record—he has no intention of restoring penny postage. For that decision it would probably be unfair to blame St. Martin's-le-Grand, which is in the hands of the Treasury,

who regard the Post Office as an instrument for the collection of revenue, and not as a public service.

But, in view of the profits of the Department, is it necessary that the service should in many essential respects be inferior to the pre-war standard, that a letter posted over the week-end should take as much as 36 hours to reach a destination not 20 miles away, and that the last evening collection for such important centres as Liverpool and Manchester should be made before the close of business in London? Such methods are hardly calculated to stimulate trade revival.

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It is all to the good that the more considered statements of Christian leaders on modern thought should be reported at length in the papers, but the sermon which Bishop Barnes delivered at Leeds University on Sunday on Mechanism and Purpose was too inconclusive to be satisfactory. Nor does it in fact follow that the antilogy is sound.

He argued that life is more than a mechanism, because it has a purpose. If that is so, then presumably the cosmos is more than a mechanism, because life is part of the cosmos, and the part cannot be more than the whole.

But is he on safe ground in confining purpose to life, and more particularly to self-conscious and ethical life? A mathematician may purpose to solve a mathematical problem as devotedly as a bishop to convert his flock, but the refractory equations need have no conceivable relation to morals.

Similarly, the more mechanistic our interpretation of the universe, the more perfectly (it could be argued) did it fulfil the purpose of God. In these grave matters, no doubt, we are all as little children, but the argument from purpose has almost as many traps for the unwary as the argument from values.

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There seems very little doubt that the suicide of Violet Sharpe, the unfortunate nurse to the unfortunate Lindbergh baby, was directly due to what are euphemistically called the "third degree" methods of the American police.

#### A Third-Degree Tragedy

This perfectly respectable young woman, who admittedly was not an accomplice of the kidnappers, appears to have been browbeaten and mentally tortured by cross-examination until her resistance broke down completely, and she sought refuge in death.

Luckily she seems to have said nothing that could be construed, or misconstrued, into a con-



fession of guilt, or even of connivance; had that been the case, her inquisitors would presumably have sheltered themselves behind these admissions. As it is, the brutality of the system has been effectively exposed by her death, and we can only hope that the scandal caused by her suicide will lead the American public to take stern action.

It is bad to have a police force accessible to graft. It is worse to have a police force that is incompetent. But it is still worse to have a police force that is incompetent because it is corrupt, and brutal because it is incompetent.

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Competent Authority at Aldershot has been reported credibly as being immensely satisfied with this year's Tattoo. If it be so, Competent Authority has reason. There may have been, no doubt there will be, more satisfactory and impressive spectacles. If so, high-water mark will be reached. Without the Battle of Inkerman the Tattoo of 1932 might really have been described as perfect.

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As for Inkerman it was unreal, confused and silly. This sort of thing may amuse the performers.

### The Pinchbeck Inkerman

It does not thrill the spectator and it cannot help anyone to understand a battle of the Crimea any better—especially as the announcer's running explanation is drowned by the concurrent noises of the very sham fighting and its preparation. Other episodes, such as Captain Cook's landing in Australia and an attack by Red Indians on a settler's homestead, are nearly as silly. They are just Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show all over again. But these are more illustrative because less ambitious than Inkerman.

It is, however, easier to criticise than to produce such a spectacle. And at the worst, the roll-call after Inkerman and Wilson's stand against the Matabele had their moments. They brought the heart half-way to the mouth. Other triumphs of this splendid pageant brought it all the way and kept it there.

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The riding and driving by cavalry and horse gunners; the majestic, philosophic, and perfectly drilled goat of the Welsh Regiment; the music—what a difference between drums and fifes and massed drums and fifes!—the physical drill, the precision of all arms, the horses, the colours, the lighting—all these were thrilling and splendid. The producer showed genius and the vast company of actors an astounding co-operative talent.

### What Matters Most

As for the audience, listen to them joining in "Abide with me," mark their utter silence as the pipers fade away with their lament, watch them, feel with their mass emotions and never dare to think that the ordinary English people are without religion, patriotism and a love of music. Altogether, a very notable Tattoo.

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Our note on the London mégotier has brought an interesting comment from Mr. Eardley Beswick on this queer trade. "I found him

**Autolycus** one day in an unfrequented corner of the plumber's shop, a little, humble man with childishly innocent eyes, engaged in unrolling the stubs of cigarettes. His pockets had apparently been filled with them. He removed the paper and dropped its contents into an old tobacco tin on his knee. Then he shredded and teased the mass into a not too repulsive homogeneity. Puffing one of my own cigarettes he professed to tell me all about it.

"Each week he was allowed out for the whole day that the workhouse had decreed should be spent with relatives. He spent it in the city streets collecting the cigarette stubs, and the occasional cigar stub that lent gusto, to be subsequently shredded and sold in hap'orths to his fellow inmates. They smoked his gleanings in pipes or even re-rolled into limp 'hand-made' cigarettes. I found him a charmingly simple, candid little man, the surreptitious sale of filthy tobacco apparently his nearest approach to crime."

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The issue by the Banks of saving boxes that can only be opened in the Bank itself has spread a notion of economy in many unexpected quarters. They may yet become the "bas de laine" of England. In a certain bar not a hundred miles from Trafalgar Square, the Cocktail-Drinker who expresses his appreciation of the skill and smiles of an attractive barmaid may hope that the gift will not be wasted. For it is carefully slipped into one of these boxes with a special compartment for every coin from a penny to a half-crown not to mention notes of all dimensions, ready to be transferred when the box is full to a bank balance which should one day represent a dowry.

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The farewell given to Mr. George Blake, who is returning to Glasgow to join the Editorial Council of the Glasgow *Evening News*, assembled a number of Scotsmen resident in London. For the first time in history a Scot who had come South was returning to work in his native country. Was it an omen? Have England and London come to this? Is the ship really sinking?

### The Return of the Scot



# The Dairy Farm and the Public

By The Bishop of Norwich

**T**RISTAN da Cunha, a small island in the Atlantic whose nearest neighbour is St. Helena, where Napoleon ended his life, seems rather remote from English Dairy Farming, but comes into the picture in this way. Some one has discovered that the few people who live in this distant spot always have good teeth. Why should they?

A number of letters were written on the question to a London newspaper. Then someone came along who said that good teeth are due to drinking pure milk, for the teeth of children in a charitable home in England never suffer from any failure of their teeth: and the milk in the Institution where they are maintained is never boiled or pasteurized. It is just pure milk.

The effect of good milk reaches beyond the teeth; it touches the general health of the community, which ought, we are emphatically told, to drink more milk than it does. And a larger consumption of milk would help the dairy farmers.

These latter are anxiously watching the proceedings of the Milk Commission which the Government has set up to discuss the marketing of milk and related topics. Our farmers would like to be encouraged to produce more milk and they will be glad to learn the best way of selling it, for it needs different aptitudes to farm and to sell the products of farming: it is not every good author who would make a good publisher.

## Home and Foreign Milk

We must improve our milk industry, for if we do not get to work soon, we may find one day that some sort of "frozen" milk from abroad will have forestalled the market. And again, the more men and women we employ in "agriculture" in the large sense the fewer the unemployed who will congregate in our towns as a drain on the public purse.

If we had more cattle on land, already suitable or made suitable for them, where delivery of milk was easy and butter-making would be established, we should in one item be doing something to reduce the bulk of agricultural imports, butter, "potted" milk, etc., and helping on all the auxiliary home products to which dairy farming gives a lead and support. The actual marketing would be assisted by better rail transport and telephone communications. We may hope the Commission may give useful hints on all this. Farmers not only require to sell regularly to the best advantage, but they, and middlemen too, who handle perishable wares, need to be able quickly to dispose of them, and also in emergencies to change the destination for disposal, to switch off, for example, a supply of milk from the town to the seaside resort in the summer. The same is true where fruit for preserving cannot yet be canned on the spot.

But the public, also, should be educated both as regards the importance of drinking milk, and as to the kind of milk to be drunk; and, of course, it is no use expecting people to drink more milk and to eat more butter, if milk and cream cannot be guaranteed as wholesome except after a prohibitive preliminary expense.

Such education demands some agreed use of the terms applied to different sorts of milk, and it must be shown how far one sort is superior to another. The terms should be self-explaining. Ought Grade A to be the very tip top brand of milk, or ought another to be slipped in above it? As things are, the householder is confused. We wish to learn, for example, *exactly* what should be meant by pasteurized milk: what should be the heat and the time of exposure to earn the name. How far does pasteurized milk lose its nourishing—and teeth preserving—power? What milk *should* go by this name of Grade A, or rather by a more intelligible name? What *would* be a clearer name for this article?

## Quality and Price

Then we ask what is lost, as well as gained, by boiling milk. Is it really from the scientific and dietary point of view, like boiling the white of an egg, which is changed for ever, or will some short time of boiling make it more wholesome while maintaining its nutritive value—and still preventing it from tasting like rice pudding? Is boiling superior to pasteurization? Is it thought that more contamination comes to milk before or after it reaches the house? When the various milks reach the dairies, what guarantee has the public that in some cases they may not get mixed up together? Again, is it better to set to work through the inspection of cowhouses and cows than by treating the milk itself afterwards by some process? How thorough must an adequate inspection be? Is it necessarily very expensive? We cannot have perfection in this world,—and what is required is an ample supply of excellent milk with grades in it, if you please, to meet the demands of specially careful consumers who will pay accordingly. But it would be a disaster if there were no excellent milk to be found in England except what was too costly for most people to drink.

Will someone entitled to speak in the name of the farmer, the dietary expert, and the householder, help us to know what we ought to look for in the way of good milk? which precautions are necessary: which are faddy: and will it provide us with uniform names that we can all use? And then go on to tell us how we can best keep our milk clean inside our own houses, large or small?

All this question of milk supply is a really important part of our general health service, and I for one believe that these health services for our fellow-men are in our day a part of our service of God.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

# Should the State Support Hospitals ?

**YES, BY L. E. SUFFOLK.**

**T**HAT the present position of the voluntarily supported hospitals is deplorable, no sane person will deny. The majority live on overdrafts and mortgages, and their internal management has to be conducted with such searching economy that all that little extra care and comfort which adds so much towards recovery of the invalid has, of necessity, to be sacrificed. Another point is that the cost of hospital administration has vastly increased of recent years, partly because they serve a far larger population than before, and partly because they have been compelled to add laboratories with expensive equipment to their upkeep.

They are woefully understaffed and overworked in so far as the personnel is concerned, so that the shortage of probationers to-day in the nursing profession presents a grave menace. Small wonder, indeed, when nursing is the lowest paid and hardest worked of all the professions.

That the necessity for some sort of official financial assistance for the hospitals is recognised in the country to-day, is evidenced by the recent outpourings in Parliament and the Press as to the merits and demerits of official sweepstakes run on the lines of those organised in the Irish Free State. The morality of this method of raising the necessary funds has been widely questioned.

The question of responsibility towards the sick and the maimed must also not be ignored. Is there anyone who seriously believes that the medical treatment of the poorer classes should depend entirely on the charity of those willing and able to give? In these days of depleted incomes and tightened purse-strings, the poor man or woman is surely the last on whom to practice economy in the last place where economy should be practiced at all. No, if anyone is responsible, and someone obviously must be, it is the community at large or in other words, the State.

There is already a form of state subsidy towards sickness existing in the panel system of payments to doctors. Extending this practice to include the hospitals need not of necessity add one extra civil servant to the list of those already employed, for an admirably equipped vehicle already exists which could carry the burden of administration in the King Edward VII Fund.

The taxation per head necessary to raise the funds would be merely fractional; far less, in fact, than is at present extorted from most of us in the form of subscriptions and flagdays. That may appear paradoxical, but how many of us realise that a large part of our charity goes in advertisements, posters, and sandwichmen; all necessary expenditure under the present regime; and in paying interest on the huge overdrafts?

But perhaps the greatest argument in favour of State support lies in the automatic abolition of that scourge of our daily life, flagdays.

**NO, BY W. DEWAR.**

**T**HE State is an institution which the wise will always regard suspiciously. They should fear it, as the Romans feared the Greeks, "even bringing gifts." On the surface, indeed, it may seem both reasonable and desirable that hospitals should be supported by the Treasury instead of by voluntary contributions. The advantages of a regular income over casual charities need no stressing. But, after all, we know our State. It has as many moods as a rich old woman, and regularity is about the last thing to be expected from it. Had hospitals been living on the taxes for, say, the last dozen years, they would for a while have been encouraged or positively compelled to adopt a magnificent policy of expansion. Actual extravagance would probably have become fashionable. Then, in 1931, hospitals would have figured in the May Report, and, while drastic changes in policy were being discussed, an order would have been issued for the washing of old bandages. After a decade or so of profligate expenditure would have come a period of peculiarly nasty parsimony.

Moreover, it must be realised that State support means State control. Nationalized hospitals have as their corollary a largely nationalized medical service, and from two points of view this would be troublesome. It would be bad because it made the doctor a servant to the most difficult of masters, and a tyrant in his relations with the public.

Because the State, or municipality, is capable of running public utility services such as the post office, baths, and trams, its ability to conduct another of different character does not follow. Some time ago, in a report from the Royal Commission on the Sugar Supply, it was well said that enterprise, vigilance, and speed in decision and action were qualifications "apt to be quickly lost in a public department." Their extraordinary importance in the medical profession is obvious. But the official doctor would have small need to cultivate them.

As things stand, the practice of healing is cribbed by orthodoxy. Were the State to assume further charge, the situation would be worsened. Osteopaths and such as they, who now enjoy limited license as mere heretics, might to-morrow be treated as sheer criminals. On questions of that kind, the Ministry of Health would be dominated by the increasing swarm of its expert and almost certainly conventional advisers.

For the rest, if the State pays for the hospitals, medical bureaucrats must be empowered to prevent us from requiring hospital treatment. The widest interference with private life would be an eventual sequel. The poor would, as usual, be particularly harried. For every person stopped from lying sick in the ward, ten more would be made miserable at home. New doctor would be old priest writ large, and, on the balance, I hold this would prove more curse than blessing.

# Nudity and Nonsense

By The Saturday Reviewer

I DO not know why my unhappy friend Allinson should have received through the post the pamphlet, manifesto, invitation or warning issued by the "International Sun-Bathing and 'back-to-nature' movement," which boasts as London Headquarters 70, Wardo Avenue, S.W.6, as Promoters W. Potter and Miss Muriel Griffith, and as Social Secretary Miss Connie Bennet. I have known Allinson for a good many years, and known him well. Like the rest of us, he has his faults. But not so many or so serious as all that.

It is, in many ways, a diverting pamphlet, manifesto or what not. It sets out the "objects" of the Movement. The first is "to promote amongst other things Nudity for in- and out-door work, pleasure, games, dancing, sports, etc." After this robust beginning, references to mock modesty, hypocrisy, humbug and "Mother Grundyism" are rather disappointing than impudent or nauseating. The Nudist of my dreams would not try to disarm his critics in phrases so commonplace.

But much better and more lively fare follows: "A personal interview is an essential preliminary to membership." If I wished to become a Founder Member (although the first Lists of such persons are complete, "a new List at a slightly higher rate" is, by happy chance, "now open for a few weeks"), it seems that I must "not only be willing to meet the interviewer(s) 'in puris naturalibus' . . . but also to prove sincerity if called upon to do so." Let it pass that "puris naturalibus" seems an example of classical scholarship unhappily chosen, and that I am left in some doubt as to whether I or the interviewer(s) or both are to be stripped naked, and I am still hot and bothered as to the manner, if any, in which I may be called upon to "prove sincerity."

But the wind may be tempered to the shorn lamb. "Ladies interested in the Genuine Nudist Movement . . . may come along by appointment, but without financial or other"—(what other?)—"obligation, and will not be called upon to disrobe at interview unless they wish." Even so, however, the amnesty is not complete. They "must please make these requests clear when making appointments."

As a matter of fact, the clearness is rather one-sided. I do not know, for instance, to what extent the phrases I have quoted are subject to the general rule that, in seeking an interview, "the prepayment of 10s., which is returnable if applicants join at interview," is essential. Although the Latinity does not stretch to *sine qua non*, these decisive words are inherent in the context. But, supposing I should not wish to join the Movement at or after the interview, I have not necessarily lost all my money. "One half will be returned on application" if—"if a legitimate reason can then be given for not joining." And I suppose there might be some sort of a snag in that expansive word "legitimate."

Other solaces are offered. The weaknesses of humanity are not ignored. Thus, in the case of persons who fear "prejudice in their business or social spheres" the use of their "first" (Christian would, no doubt, be out of place) name or a pseudonym will enable them "to completely sink their identity." Split my infinitives! There's kindness for you!

After so much, it is not surprising to learn that "we are also arranging to supply Models (to members only) of both sexes to Artists and Photographers, either for figure or costume." It is, perhaps, a little surprising to learn that "this service is free." At all events, generosity of such a character is unusual, even though admission is made that "contributions to the funds will be welcomed from those benefiting by these facilities."

One may be allowed to ignore the enthusiasm for bigger and better nudity in the more spacious air of "our quaint old country farmhouse," and to turn back for a last glimpse at page one and its statement in brackets, " (and we invite the closest investigation)." And for no better reason than the memory which it raises of the time-honoured story of the advertisement that "Mr. and Mrs. Isaacs have left-off clothing of all descriptions and invite inspection."

But that story was first invented and told very long before the complicated days of International Movements with the object of Promoting Nudity and pamphlets full of bunkum and balderdash.

Well, my friend Allinson had this pamphlet posted to him, and I have written about it, first because it is so funny and then because it is so beastly—or perhaps the other way about. The sun-bather is nothing new. Personally, I have had a wholesome timidity about unrelieved sun on my skin since a friend made himself very ill by exposing all his body to the sun for several hours in the Swiss mountains. But what he did was his own affair. He made sure that he was quite alone. He may really at that time be said to have been "in puris naturalibus."

Nor could a reasonably modern mind find anything wrongful or shocking in nudity as an abstraction—though it is seldom a pretty sight.

But this stuff, this pretentious twaddle, this illiterate nastiness, these rules, regulations, conditions and exceptions make one angry. The pamphlet has, presumably, been more or less broadcast to persons who do not want it. There is no printer's name on it, though it has the appearance of cheap print. I believe it to be pernicious as a sort of doctrine and a public nuisance to the extent of its dissemination. I see no reason for holding one's tongue about it, even if the Movement be insignificant.

And if the Home Office or Scotland Yard or other competent authority shared my views, they could certainly have the actual pamphlet from which I have quoted.



# The Meaning of Value

By E. Graham Howe

RECENT fluctuations in the value of the pound have reminded us of the relativity of value. What a thing is worth depends upon what you compare it with, and as that standard of comparison changes so does the value. This is true of all values, and has much to do with the problem of happiness. To take a very simple example: we can be happy enough on £1,000 a year if our income was £500 last year, but not if it was £2,000. What we feel about it depends on what we compare it with: is it better or is it worse?

Our satisfaction with what we have is determined by whether it is more or less than we had before. If we assume that what we want is happiness, however it may be found, then it is certainly better to start with little, so that we may be contented with only a little more. But once we have much we shall always expect much: and losing a little we may find disappointment, where another having less, finds happiness.

To-day we are accustomed to innumerable unnecessary luxuries, and being accustomed to them it has become difficult for us to do without them. But they do not bring happiness; on the other hand, that can only be sought in the illusion of something more, for once we fall behind, we become unhappy in the sense of relative loss. The mere multiplication of potential pleasures defeats its own end; a glut of material property becomes a glut, where all is without value.

## *The Child and the Toy*

The child with an expensive toy is so much worse off than the proud possessor of a stone inside a tin, because he has always got to live up to it. His measure of comparison being more, he is much less likely to be happy, as the spoilt child must always learn to his cost, as he finds himself disappointed and misunderstood at every turn. He has started off so well with his values so high that it must hurt him to lose them in painful disillusionment. Whereas the child whose past experience has been in terms of stone and tin, can find his happiness in just such little things again.

Civilisation has forgotten how to be content with little things, and has become a snowball trying to gain value as it rolls. We are all being rolled along together in this race for value, on and on, more and more, faster and faster. Knowledge, culture, prosperity, power, whatever it may be, having so much we must have more, a faster pace, longer strides and higher jumps. Or else we feel a loss of value, disappointment and unhappiness. That is surely seeking only an illusion, a trying and disappointing process; but what is the cause of it?

Why have we left the real happiness of little things so far behind?

Perhaps the cause is simple, and is to be found in the same example of the spoilt child, who had so much in the beginning that he has had to try to add to it ever since for fear of losing something. Did we begin too well? Was there a time when we had all value for the asking, living in a garden of Eden, from which we were turned out to a state of relative pain and disappointment, in which we had to toil for value? Is that brief experience in the Nirvana of the womb the cause of our ensuing savage value-seeking discontent? Then we were loved and cared for, every hunger satisfied without the stress of tears. We were warmed and fed and grew until the light of day was greeted with a cry of strange disapproval. That was the end of the Garden of Eden, for we were losing for ever something which we valued and which valued us.

## *Crying in Vain*

The only means of registering our disapproval was to cry, but the more we showed our loss, the more we lost approval. We wanted to be valued as before, so we cried for value, and crying lost some more. We saw others coming to take our place in the favoured limelight of parental love, we felt unvalued and misunderstood, and not liking it set out to find elsewhere the value we had lost.

We turned to the things that seemed of value, success and property, the good opinion of others, and the semblance of power. Of these we wanted more and more to fill the growing gap left by our loss, but they were only substitutes of no great value in themselves, unless we felt them so. Holding them fast, adding to them as we could, we feared to find ourselves alone, for that meant loss of a value that we could not bear to lose. So we played to the audience, if not to the gallery, for their approval and discovered the true nature of hysteria, in our pursuit of value in an external and material world, where it never can be found.

For value remains where it always was, in the one true currency of love, for which all else is substitute, and symbol, paper and coins. We may forget that love is the real object of our search until we find it, but it is to be found not externally, but within. Without love there is unhappiness; for there is no happiness that can last in material gain, which is at best love's substitute and shadow. But if we would find that which we want for value, we must first face having lost it, then risk losing it again by giving it away.

# Massed Migration for Australia

By J. Stanley Hughes

FOR the purpose of this article let us take Australia, a country with which the writer has been intimately acquainted for the last forty years, and let us, to a certain extent, describe it and show how it could be developed and fashioned to maintain a population adequate for its holding.

Let us accept the premise of massed migration, a steady stream of liners carrying the British overplus of population to Australia: also let us accept the Empire Development Commission. Then let us inquire into the objections that will be raised, on this side by the people it is desired to send and on the other side by the people who are to receive them.

Migration to Australia has for many years been steadily dwindling, and has come to consist mainly of a sturdy, useful type of boy and young man sent out by the Y.M.C.A. and kindred organisations. These have been almost 100 per cent. successful and many of them have become share-farmers. Just at present, of course, they are sharing only in the results of Australian extravagance, for participating in which, fortunately for their sense of thrift and general morale, they came too late. The days of the two great urges to Australian migration, namely, the lure of easily acquired wealth and economic pressure at home, are long departed: the first for good and all and the second for so long as there is no need to work in England, where idleness is subsidised. As a first step, then, to inducing large numbers of men and women to dig up and transplant themselves to a land of sunshine and boundless possibilities of competence and comfort, must come the changing back of the dole to finding the relief for which it was originally intended, namely, insurance against unemployment. It has grown into a demoralising and destructive monster in the shape of insurance against the need to work.

With a scheme for massed migration in full swing, with the large-outlook, biggest brains of England and Australia at work upon it and their propaganda spreading into every home of the countries of exodus and outflow, the applicant for the dole would be met with the pronouncement that there was plenty of work for him—in the Dominion of Australia: that there was a certain job for him to go to, at good wages, and that at the end of two years he would be a capitalist to the extent of two years' dole money. That, or something like it, would surely be all the security that a reasonable man could ask for.

The above, of course, is only a suggestion as to dealing with the unemployed potential migrant. One year's capitalised dole might be considered sufficient or, if permanent work is guaranteed, there need be no further contribution than, say, three months pay to start him in pocket money until the savings of wages began to accumulate.

The objections from the other side would come mainly from the Trade Unions, in whom the belief

has been nurtured that the migrant is invariably willing to work for a lesser wage. The Trade Unionist is also fully persuaded that there is no room in Australia for any more people. No serious effort has ever been made to dispel this delusion, and therein lies plenty of work for the propaganda department of the scheme. It must be remembered that the Federal Government, when it is Labour, is a Trade Union Government, so that by some method the "big brains" would have to evolve that august assemblage must be prevented from standing in the way of the development of its own country. The large landowners and land Corporations would also be thorns in the side of the Commission, for a time. They would have to receive compensation where their land is needed for small holdings; but there would be many other channels for the profitable investment of their capital.

Many of the large stations and runs have been sub-divided, but there are many hundreds still to be dealt with all over Australia. There are vast irrigation works to be built, cities, towns, and townships to be built, bridges to be built, and harbours to be developed. Production and industry would be stimulated by an ever increasing home market for food, clothes, houses and recreations.

The writer knows one district in New South Wales where a £4,000,000 dam has been passed by the Public Works Committee and has been waiting for years to be built. On that work alone 2,000 men could be employed for three or four years and, at the end of the work, irrigation canals would plentifully water thousands of splendidly fertile acres that are at present insecure grazing owing to frequent dry spells of weather. This land would grow lucerne (alfalfa), and 200 or 300 acres would be a lamb or sheep fattening area that would keep a man and his family in comfort. Now it is held as sheep stations of up to 100,000 acres or more. Some years ago it was understood that one of the big English engineering firms had offered to build this dam; but that is not the way of New South Wales. Such works must be carried out by the Government, or not at all.

Again, there is the great beef industry that cultivated complacency and lack of initiative and boldness has handed over almost in its entirety to the Argentine Republic. In Queensland and Northern Australia enormous cattle areas made fortunes for the old pioneers and early companies. Now there is only a small export for beef, although the long wanted "chilled" form of transport in place of the old "frozen" method has been proved feasible.

Forty years ago I myself worked on a cattle station of 1,000 square miles or thereabouts carrying about 9,000 head of cattle. Think of it: roughly a beast to the square mile. On that area there was room for a dozen small irrigation schemes, and there were many patches of easily

cultivable land for fattening purposes. In the Gulf country (Gulf of Carpentaria) there are stations with areas up to nine and ten thousand square miles. From that part of the continent it used, in the old days, to take from a year to eighteen months to drive mobs of fat cattle down to the coastal cities of Victoria and South Australia and in a dry time there would be colossal losses on the long journey. The old type of drover that

carried out these voyages was part explorer, part general, and wholly a master of bushcraft and cattle knowledge, truly a man amongst all men. The type still lives and works, and the spirit has been transmitted to the succeeding generations.

Is there anything in all this transcending the scope of the best and boldest brains of Great Britain and Australia in combination? There should not be.

## Advertising : Slogan or Subtlety ?

By John Heygate

**P**UBLICITY (I quote myself) has become a corner stone that no modern builder dare reject; and the stream of modern publicity can be traced back direct to the early Pear's Soap portraits of Big Boy in his hip bath. Much the same were the enlistment posters that offered a girl for sure in return for a little danger.

Since the war the bull Publicity has run mad through the Americanised mentality of British Big Business; and there is a danger that while gold chains are exchanged, the very corner stone may give way as the result of faulty laying.

### *Sophistication or Saturation ?*

It is a good thing to remember that the modern public is sophisticated if not saturated by slogan publicity. Even Farmer George uses the so-called "brocher" to light his pipe. There is no use in repeating that Guinness is good for you unless the public's palate is, as it is at the same time moistened by its salivary colour and texture. Repetition is a device, which is losing favour. With due deference to the makers, I cannot conceive that anyone would purchase Iron Jelloids as a result of stamping up innumerable flights of Jelloid-blazoned railway stairs. It appears that the subconscious mind, too, is highly selective and retains only such slogans that win attention for their wit or terseness.

I was gratified recently to find myself asking for those excellent Fougasse-drawn handkerchiefs advertised in the Underground; whereas the facetious (Bovril) puns displayed on the back of London omnibuses are enough to drive one to stronger forms of liquor. The disadvantage of making jokes in advertisement, even good jokes, is that one appeals to the conscious intellect, which, if it is not being absorbed by the latest football draw or merely vacuous, is hypercritical, or in the case of subtle humour, too impatient.

### *Poster Publicity*

Modern publicity in posters has tended lately towards abstract, or at least, indirect advertisement; and at the same time to employ better or more celebrated artists. We find modernism lettering that conceals in some queer anagram the firm's objective. Shipping and railway companies, especially foreign, use a commercialised cubism that makes unsuspected copy of steamer

funnels, hulls and locomotive boilers. This sort of poster can be classed as interesting.

The L.M.S. Railway's attempt to improve on the lurid "Come to Blackpool" tradition was magnificent; but it was not good business. Sir D. Y. Cameron R.A.'s Scottish Highlands gave as exact a notion of Scottish Highlands as you could wish. Yet they evoked, in me, at least, no Wanderlust. The contemplative vision does not lead to the booking office. If I were in conscious doubt as to which route to take to Scotland, the advice, "Go L.M.S.," noted how many times unconsciously on the fore edges of the London Telephone Directory would spring from mental limbo and decide the question. And if this seems to contradict all I said before about repetition, advertisement, when it appeals to the unconscious, is a very contradictory business.

### *Underground Art*

The L.M.S. Royal Academy experiment was a brave innovation; but it has to answer for the lavish and lifelike poster painting of the last few years: in part also for the recent Shell poster exhibition, introduced by no less a critic than Mr. Robert Byron, in which the first-rate artists employed failed to grasp the distinction between Art and advertisement.

The Underground Company alone have worked out the theory of public attraction in all its possibilities. They used slogans such as "Shop Early." They have used as bait mere irrelevant display such as the universal time machine in Piccadilly Station. In their former posters, crimson trains hurtled from the gloom of London into sunny Metroland. And finally they evolved the small scale colour poster, not of emerald panorama, nor of Tudor quaintness, but of put-together corners of trans-suburban England, where the apt design of stream and wood invites, I presume, the Go-by-Underground fever. They are very different from the awesome canvasses of the Academicians. There is an intimacy and an appeal in secret places, particularly when the evenings lengthen, though we must trust the Underground for their existence. And who in holiday mood would be so churlish to suspect the artist of never having been nearer country than the Six Bells bowling green in the King's Road, Chelsea?



## In Praise of Piesporter

By H. WARNER ALLEN.

At this time of the year, no wine is so delightful as Moselle. It is light and gay with the most refreshing touch of acidity, and all its qualities are at their best if it is drunk cold at the temperature of the cellars from which it comes. I have no hesitation in recommending the wine-lover who finds himself oppressed with heat to sit down in the shade with a bottle of the 1929 vintage before him and quench his thirst with gaiety. There is no better way of bringing Moselle to the right temperature than by lowering the bottle in a bucket into the depths of a well.

The wine is all the better for a tiny hint of effervescence. In ordinary years it is really more agreeable when it is young, though, of course, the extraordinary vintage of 1921 produced certain Moselles that promise great longevity if they are not all drunk too soon.

There are few wine districts more charming than the Moselle valley. It is a smiling, peaceful countryside, little known to tourists, almost free of char-à-bancs and lorries, and in places difficult of access. The roads cross and re-cross the Moselle, rarely by a bridge, more often by the intermediary of a pontoon ferry. The ferry is worked entirely by the flow of the stream against the boat, which is made fast to a pulley running on a high wire stretched across the river from shore to shore.

Twenty years ago there were very few road bridges between Trier and Coblenz, and these ancient ferries were the only means of conveying traffic across the river. The bridge question has caused not a little heart-burning in the locality. Piesport, famous for its wine, wanted a bridge but found it too expensive.

Mustert and Niederemmel, across the river and a short distance downstream, also wanted a bridge, but each community wanted the bridge on its own doorstep. Negotiations were of no avail. Obstinacy and local pride had their way. A bridge was built by each authority, and there they stand within half a mile of each other, monuments to the sagacity of local authorities.

Piesport lies on the edge of the Moselle in the centre of a large bend of the river in the shape of a U, and faces due South. Behind it rise the vineyards on steep hill slopes, covered at the summit by woods and scrub for protection. No cold winds, northerly or north-easterly, can penetrate into this sun trap. In dry weather the approach can be made from the North over the hinterland until the heights above the village and river are reached, when great care has to be exercised in descending the steep winding road cut in the hill face. The village and its sheltered district produce many varied qualities of wine, but no one who has once experienced its flavours in a good year can ever forget the glorious aroma, flowery scent and flavour emanating from its pure wholesome wines of first class quality made in this favoured locality by men whose whole heart and soul is given up to the gathering of the bounty which nature can provide.

## The Camargo Ballet

By FRANCIS TOYE.

THE performances of ballet under the auspices of the Camargo Society at the Savoy Theatre justify a certain amount of optimism as to the future of ballet dancing in this country. To begin with, there is no doubt that the response elicited from the public was really favourable. Secondly, there was a great deal in the performances themselves of outstanding merit.

The most ambitious feature of the repertory is already familiar and popular at the Old Vic. and Sadler's Wells: Vaughan Williams's "Job." From the musical point of view this is wholly successful, and in all probability the most important music for dancing yet written by an Englishman. It has charm, variety and strength. I fear, however, that neither the choreography nor the interpretation are really worthy of the score. Perhaps it is impossible to do justice to such a theme on the scale and with the resources available at the Savoy and the Old Vic. A huge stage, equipped with every modern resource, great masses of performers and highly skilled principals would be necessary to avoid that impression of monotony of which most of the audience were conscious last week. It is not that the performance was exactly bad; it was dull. An exception must be made for Dolin's fine interpretation of Satan, which completely overshadowed everything and everybody else on the stage.

For my part, I thought that the performance of a portion of Tchaikowsky's delightful "Le Lac de Cygnes" was one of the most promising features of the evening. It was very ambitious to tackle a ballet with such glorious traditions at all. To attempt it so successfully was a real achievement. Admittedly, the great skill of Tchaikowsky's music and the importation of Madame Spessiva from the Paris Opera helped considerably. Indeed, Madame Spessiva is a dancer absolutely of the first class from the waist downwards, her footwork being about as neat as anything to be seen in Europe to-day, but she is not successful with the upper part of her body, especially as regards her arm movements. Nevertheless what was really encouraging was the excellent account that the corps de ballet gave of themselves.

Probably the more droll ballets such as "Façade," to Walton's music, and Spike Hughes's "High Yellow," were in reality the most successful. Frederick Ashton's choreography in "Façade" is in its own way of the first order, and those two delicious essays in impertinence, Markova's dancing of the Polka, and Lopokova's caricature of the Tango, could scarcely be bettered. Hughes's ballet suffers from the absence of what may be called a "high light." Nevertheless, I enjoyed "High Yellow" very much; so did the audience, though nobody reading the newspaper criticisms would have thought as much. When jazz is in question a kind of horrified shudder goes down the spine of the average English music critic, who seems to think that any liking for it must endanger his reputation for good taste or knowledge.

# VERSE

## Books of the Nineties

By SHANE LESLIE.

Books of the Nineties! must they sink  
To items and collectors' game,  
All classified and sorted link  
By link: and labelled name by name?  
Rose leaves amid the Dead Sea stink  
And purple patches turning grey  
And sighing scents: ah, who could think  
The Nineties are but yesterday?

Once Beardsley's sinful pencil line  
Adorned their covers and their backs,  
And Whistler's butterfly made sign  
Amid the villainies of Max:  
And Lionel Johnson steeped in wine  
With Ernest Dowson knelt to pray.  
Can they turn back that bitter line—  
The Nineties are but yesterday?

John Davidson who slew his soul,  
And Henley with the critics rod,  
Le Gallienne seeking girl for goal,  
Yet vainly wishing he were God:  
And Michael Field and Vernon Lee,  
Where have they found a haunted way?  
Are all the dead too blind to see  
The Nineties are but yesterday?

And Crackanthorpe, who drank the Seine,  
And Corvo, that strange baron styled,  
Who traced and wrote the Borgias' bane,  
And all the world of Oscar Wilde:  
The gracious Lady Windermere,  
The Happy Prince and Dorian Gray,  
Will no one whisper in their ear—  
The Nineties are but yesterday!

And Walter Pater, who distilled  
The liturgy of fragrant phrase,  
And Stephen Phillips: he who filled  
The town with histrionic plays:  
John Barlas, Theo Wratishaw,  
Are you foredoomed to go, or stay  
To make the legend on the door—  
The Nineties are but yesterday!

### Envoi

Prince, for one moment let them gleam,  
Their sordidness all wiped away  
From binding bright: before you deem  
The Nineties are but yesterday!

## The Fair Young Curate

By G. WALTERSON.

*The issue of the ordination of women  
has cropped up again.*

The Reverend James of Whereyouplease  
Is dozing in his study chair  
The cat sits purring on his knees,  
The spirit of his dream is fair.  
He dreams how calm from storm will spring  
And happiness from tribulation,  
For the 2.36 will bring  
His lady curate to the station.

He sees her sermons, or her eyes,  
Make Christian charity less niggling,  
Is confident she will devise  
Some means to stop the choir from giggling.  
From countless colleagues, in his dream,  
To whom for services he's lent her,  
Congratulations simply stream  
On him, her rector and inventor.

He sees his work—he's sixty-two—  
Being left to her, who's five and twenty,  
And life, with nothing much to do,  
*A dolce very far niente.*  
He has no thought of Vulcan's fate,  
Nor dreams that corked may be his nectar,  
Nor that a sleepy flock may hate  
A revolutionary rector.

More—in his dream her fairy smile  
Strikes his admiring bishop dumb,  
With pretty ways and woman's guile  
She simply twists him round her thumb,  
The while her rector's ship apace  
Sails on to where it fain would be,  
And, wafted by the curate's grace,  
Drops anchor in a vacant see.

\* \* \*

Alas, it was not long before  
The rector wished he had not spoken.  
The reverend heart was very sore,  
The reverend pride completely broken.  
His previous tendency to flout  
Male curacy was soon corrected,  
Nor did his stratagem turn out  
Precisely as he had expected.

Economy was dearly won  
(Her stipend saved him several pennies),  
What curates do she left undone,  
And kept her zeal for gold and tennis.  
The rector felt the church's pale  
Was not the place for beauty's daughters,  
And in the see, where he would sail,  
Found deep and unexpected waters.

We'll leave it in oblivion's shade,  
Nor scandals that are ancient dish up.  
Enough that an appeal was made  
Against the rector to the bishop,  
Who then, communing with himself,  
(His wife confessed the matter shocked her)  
Just laid the rector on the shelf,  
And, in the curate's case, unfrocked her.

## THE THEATRE OF THE WEEK By Gilbert Wakefield

### *The Vinegar Tree.* By Paul Osborn. St. James's.

Why "The Vinegar Tree"? True, we were informed, for no discoverable reason, that one grew in the garden of the Merricks' palatial country house in Essex, where the action of this uneventful comedy takes place. But that seems an inadequate reason for the title. I can only surmise that a vinegar tree (if there be such a thing) has a metaphorical significance, known perhaps to horticulturists, and more probably to all Americans. For this play is an Anglicized—and I strongly suspect, in places, bowdlerised—version of a successful American comedy; and though there are only a very few give-away Americanisms (the inclusion of the word "STOP" in Mr. Mansfield's telegram, for instance), yet I was constantly wondering whether Mr. Osborn would have recognised his play at the St. James's. For anything characteristically less American it would be difficult to imagine.

But first, the story. Let me see, there was a story, wasn't there? Oh, yes. Well, roughly it was this. Max Lawrence, well-known artist and philanderer, was having an affair with Mrs. Mansfield, who was Mrs. Merrick's younger sister. Presumably in order to facilitate this intrigue (though how it could possibly have done so was discreetly left to our imagination), or perhaps for no other reason than to provide material for the subsequent imbroglia, the lovers invited themselves to stay with the Merricks' at their country house. There, Max promptly fell in love with Mrs. Merrick's daughter, Leone, who was having trouble with her own young man, a so-called Cambridge undergraduate, whose only (and patently American co-educational) objection to becoming formally engaged to her was the fact that she was still—to use the misleading damp-squib euphemism of this English version—"virginal." At this point in the story Mrs. Merrick, who was vague about most things, mistakenly identified Max Lawrence with a certain Lawrence Mack, who had been her lover some twenty years previously, prior to her marriage with the wealthy, and extremely choleric, Augustus.

Jumping—pole-jumping, one might say—to the conclusion that the purpose of his visit was to resume their old relationship, she was naturally much chagrined on discovering that it was, not with herself, but with her daughter that he was purposing to elope. In the final act, however, Leone is reconciled with her young man; Max seems destined to be partnered once again with Mrs. Mansfield; and a momentarily gentleness on the part of the normally unsympathetic Augustus provides a "happy" ending for a comedy which would, I felt, have been immeasurably more entertaining had the actors and producer been American.

It is described as a "comedy"; but you have only to remember its absurd and incredible plot

to realise that "farce" would be a more appropriate word. But not a farce, as we in England understand the term; for its absurdities are of conception only, not of execution. And perhaps it was this which caused the piece to be enacted and produced with the soporific listlessness of English drawing-room comedy, instead of with that gusto and vitality which alone can make good entertainment out of such extravagant nonsensicalities as Mr. Osborn postulates. Mr. Henry Daniell (Max), Miss Celia Johnson (Leone), and Mr. Lewis Hayward as the undergraduate were charming and excellent in the English style. So also, as Mrs. Merrick, was Miss Marie Tempest, though disastrously miscast. An immeasurably "bigger" (by which I mean less delicate and subtle) type seemed indicated; and Miss Tempest's ineradicable common-sense intelligence was wholly incompatible with the immense stupidity of Mrs. Merrick. Mr. Grahame Browne, as the farcical Augustus, gave the best, because the most robust, performance.

### *Hocus-pocus.* By Austin Page. Garrick.

Despite the implications of its title, and despite the large proportion of the dialogue which is smugly satirical about the Art World, "Hocus-pocus!" is really a sentimental comedy about a penniless Austrian painter and a wealthy Society lady whom he meets by chance in Mr. Keppler's Bond Street art gallery. Johann Liebl is a genius whose work is "above the heads of the public." Wherefore Mr. Keppler declines to exhibit his paintings. And it looks very much as though poor Johann will have to continue indefinitely drawing pictures on the Whitechapel pavements for a living, when luck introduces him to Miss Sandra Gavain, who patronizes Art and herself paints bad landscapes. Finding Johann "interesting" and attractive, she tricks Mr. Keppler into believing that his pictures are the work of Johann's sixteen-year-old son, Fritzl; persuades him to give the infant prodigy a one-man show at the height of the Season; and somehow induces, not only all her wealthy friends, but the leading connoisseurs and art-collectors to bid against one another at the Private View (up to, in one case, 3,000 guineas!) for these masterpieces.

Here is material for satire. Unfortunately, Mr. Page is not, so far as I could judge, a natural satirist. Nor does he appear to have the necessary "inside knowledge" of his subject. Consequently, his thrusts at the Art World are too trite and clumsy to be interesting. Moreover, they take up so much time that the sentimental story has to make shift with a few spare moments in Acts I and II, and then try in the last few minutes of Act III to convince us that the rich and fashionable Sandra is sufficiently enamoured of her irrepressibly "hearty" Austrian painter for the "hiking" honeymoon which he proposes to seem a credible and satisfactory ending to their story.



## FILMS

BY MARK FORREST.

*The Man I Killed.* Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The Carlton.

*The Rich Are Always With Us.* Directed by Alfred E. Green. The New Gallery.

THE film renters in this country have got the notion firmly fixed into their heads that what we want at the present time is cheering up. I won't say that they are not right, but I hope the desire to laugh, rather than to cry, will not keep the public away from the Carlton, where Mr. Lubitsch's latest picture, "The Man I Killed," is being shown.

Those people who have seen Mr. Rostand's play or the English adaptation, will be familiar with the painful aspects of the story, the kernel of which, so far as the screen version is concerned, is the now familiar idea that the men who fight the wars have more humanity in their composition than patriotism. So it is that a Frenchman goes to a German family at the conclusion of the Great War to ask their mercy and forgiveness for having killed their son. Once there, however, he has not the courage to tell them the truth and, pretending that he was a friend of their son, falls in love with the dead man's fiancée. When he does, at last, confess the true position to her, she persuades him to bring no more sorrow on the home, but to keep up the deception whereby he has gained the love and confidence of the old German couple.

The situation is an intolerable one and there will be many who will not want to have to endure it; but Mr. Lubitsch's work is always of such a high standard that those for whom the story with all its implications recalls no personal sorrow, should on no account miss his handling of a most difficult theme. He has few opportunities here to give rein to his satirical humour, but he has managed to put in one or two touches which are the hallmark of his own particular genius.

Mr. Lubitsch has the further gift of being able to get the best out of his actors, and the performances given by Lionel Barrymore and Nancy Carroll are the best I have seen them give.

"The Rich Are Always With Us," at the New Gallery, contains a lot of amusing lines, and Ruth Chatterton. It is her first picture under the banner of First National Pictures and, though it is not her best, it is by no means her worst. Just lately she has suffered from some very weak stories—rumour had it that she chose them herself, so perhaps she should take the blame—but "The Rich Are Always With Us" is at any rate bright and, though its finish is quite ridiculous, is very fair entertainment. It is a change to find Ruth Chatterton in comedy, but she succeeds admirably; she has got a sound director in Mr. Green, whose "Disraeli" and "The Green Goddess" were so successful, and an attractive leading man in George Brent. If this combination is adhered to it should be good enough to raise her once again to the position which she occupied when she made "Sarah and Son" under the direction of Miss Dorothy Arzner.

## SHORT STORY

### Turning the Tables

BY ROY MORTIMER.

MORGANA'S waiting room was gruesomely homelike. It reminded Bannister of a house of ill-fame far away in a small Italian town where clients and wares were on terms of comfortable familiarity. There was a sewing machine on the table with patterns beside it, and on the wall a hideous portrait of a mid-Victorian ancestor. By the window a pretty, untidy girl was knitting something in charity gray, while she talked to a nondescript female.

They tried to draw Bannister into the conversation, but he would not give himself away. He had come to consult Morgana, the clairvoyante, for the sake of his partner who had faith in her predictions. That faith was not absolute. The partner had a feeling that her vision of the future might be coloured by what she knew of him after several consultations. Bannister, who thought that a prophecy of good might hearten his partner in a new and daring adventure and who had never before consulted a soothsayer, had volunteered to face Morgana himself.

Time dragged on slowly, and Bannister grew impatient. He would give Morgana half an hour's grace and not a moment more. He was rising to go when there was a noise of voices outside and he was summoned.

Morgana's room was crammed with Victorian bric-à-brac and every kind of junk. In the middle was a table with a shaded lamp. Bannister sat down, and laid his hands on a cushion on the table. Morgana peered at them through a large magnifying glass and at once began:

"When you were twenty-one . . ."

He was startled. Then he thought, "A great emotion must have stamped itself on the soles of my feet, on every part of my body, if anyone knew how to look for the mark."

Morgana went on: "All your hand centres round that deep impression."

As she talked, the feeling grew upon him that she was no longer reading his hand, but tapping his unconscious, that part of his self, which had stored up every tiny memory ever since he was born and perhaps before. He could feel her, as it were, drawing on his recollections and all she told him was true.

Then she spoke of the future, money, money, endless money. The unconscious had mysterious prescience, but not that kind of prescience. She was reading his secret desires, the ambitions that he concealed even from himself; for he had always professed to care nothing for money and believed himself sincere.

Morgana laid a crystal on the cushion between his hands, and gazed into it with shaded eyes.

"I see someone standing by a country house."

The description she gave of Her was accurate enough. "Still reading my unconscious," thought Bannister.

"I see a date, June 12th, a golden day, and happiness for you both, such happiness as you never dreamed of." Bannister's heart beat faster. The unconscious had prescience: perhaps . . . Life might end then and welcome.

"I see another date, June 18th," said Morgana in a changed voice. The words seemed to be torn out of her. "Oh! a black cloud of misery is shrouding everything, but I have seen something terrible that is coming to you, a nameless horror, something that I dare not tell."

Her voice had risen to a shriek. She dropped her hands in horror, and they fell against the crystal. Bannister scarcely heard her prophecy of evil. Something very strange had been happening to him. She had been reading his unconscious, as though she was its mistress, but he was dimly aware that her power was weakening. The mastery was passing to him. Very soon the secrets of his inmost self would be closed to her, and he would be reading hers.

The moment came when her hands fell against the crystal. At once Bannister saw a picture in the glass and began to talk in dreamy tones: "I see a tall man with a hooked nose and a small dark moustache, and on his left cheek near the nose is a small mole. You love him more than you love anything in the world. You have sacrificed everything for him. For him you have lied and cheated and been false to your powers."

Morgana made no attempt to take her hands from the crystal, but sat with closed eyes, swaying a little in her chair.

"There is another woman, dark, small and very pretty, younger than you. It is attractive, the way she brushes back the wave of her hair from her forehead. You do not love her, and you are right. He is whispering to her. See, he is kissing her and you are far away."

Morgana drew a deep breath and seemed to try to tear her hands from the crystal, but they were rivetted there.

"I too see a date," said Bannister, compelled to speak by some power beyond himself, "June 14th. Our fates fall within the same week. He has left you for the other, and for you there is nothing but despair—darkness and death."

Morgana tore her hands from the crystal and screamed, as she fell from her chair. Instantly the untidy girl who must have been listening at the keyhole was at her side.

"Madame has fainted," she said, "she will come round in a minute, but please go away and leave your guinea on the table."

Bannister laid down his money and obeyed, as the girl was clearly equal to the situation.

He was not surprised to read in an evening paper of June 15th a paragraph stating that Morgana, the psychist of Piccadilly, had been found that morning in a dark room with her head in a gas oven. There are still two days before he faces the nameless horror which she foretold. His hands are inclined to twitch and he has not slept, since he read of her death. Yet he awaits his fate with a brave heart, certain that it must come as she prophesied; for she was right about the happiness of June 12th, and for nothing in the world would he have it otherwise.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Navy or Air Force?

SIR,—There has been an escape of gas into your Correspondence Columns, Neon gas to be precise.

Believing, apparently, that it has some bearing upon the relative mobility of the two types of craft, "Neon" gives the arrival order of certain ships and aeroplanes at Cyprus.

The Mayflower arrived in America before the Mauretania; but the conclusion that it must therefore be the faster vessel would be open to question.

"Neon" should double the functions of Pistol and the plumber and eat that leak.

OLIVER STEWART.

Kensington.

### The Detective Story

SIR,—Now that the writing of detective stories has become a lesser British industry, you might for the better discipline of authors, invite "fans" to submit for publication the least credible incidents encountered in their daily reading. For example, Mr. John Rhode in his otherwise clever "Mystery at Greycombe Farm" makes the murderer place the corpse in a hogshead with 46 gallons of petrol; hoist this cargo upon a barrow run on "one of those wheels fitted with a Dunlop pneumatic tyre"; wheel this load on a March evening a distance "certainly short of four miles"; along "a secondary road with no houses on it"; drug a dog; open a cider store; change his hogshead for one full of cider; and wheel the second cask four miles home again, emptying some of the contents in a ditch on the way back. Is there a four mile stretch of secondary road without houses in this country? Would a member of the class who dress for dinner (to which this murderer belongs) risk running a wheelbarrow, even although it were pneumatic tyred, along such a road for eight miles? If he did, what would he, a member of the "County" say to anyone he chanced to meet? Mr. Rhode will require to be a great deal more cautious than this if he ever takes up crime as a career. And, by the way, where is the London club to which the nearest post office is in E.C.4.?

JOHN PEREGRINE.

Warwick Square,  
June 1st.

### Agriculture and Ottawa

SIR,—It was very gratifying to me to read the article on Agriculture by Mr. G. W. Odum in your issue of June 4. Surely but slowly out of the varied interests of the different branches of our farming, common sense is emerging triumphant. The majority of farmers are at least realising that grain-growing in this country as a sale crop, while it may be a political cry, is but a minor thing to British agriculture to-day.

Eighty per cent. of our farmers, and practically every smallholder in the land who is, perforce, a producer of livestock and livestock products, have been definitely injured by the present agricultural policy, and they are now discovering that the



opinions of Lord Astor, Mr. Odium, and others, are the best policy for not only British Agriculture, but also for the nation and the Empire.

If any good is to come from the Ottawa conference, it must be admitted that the British farmer can only have first chance at the home market for those products which he can produce of better quality than their imported counterpart, and which are most suited to our soil and temperate climate, that is mainly the livestock side of farming. I know of people in Canada who are nearly down and out, with their last year's wheat crop practically unsaleable. Some of them were cold and hungry last winter. The grain market must be placed in the hands of the colonies, and the British farmer must stipulate for first chance in the home market only for the things he *can* do, not for the things he cannot do in addition. If he tries to get everything, he will fail miserably and deservedly.

What does the present Wheat Quota mean? It means using the taxpayers' money to bribe the miller to use something he doesn't want, to bribe the British farmer to grow something which he cannot grow economically, and to force the taxpayer to eat something he doesn't like. Moreover, owing to mechanisation, it means that less labour will be employed, and that a lot of the charm of the rural countryside will be destroyed. I do not think that the taxpayer wants to see hedges grubbed up, trees cut down, parts of our land turned into a grain belt with snorting, hideous tractors going backwards and forwards across these fields morning, noon, and night, and I'm certain he doesn't want his money used to make this sort of thing possible.

ARTHUR G. STREET  
(Author of *Farmer's Glory*).

*Lambton Lodge, Wilton, Salisbury,  
4th June, 1932.*

### The Motor Menace

SIR,—The fearful slaughter caused by motor traffic is one of the greatest evils the world has ever seen, and yet motorists and their press say we must expect this, if not welcome it, as a sign of "Scientific Advance"! No one can point out any industry or invention in the history of the world that can claim one thousandth part of this destruction of human life and limbs, apart of course from those inventions used in warfare that are intended to kill.

Some ignorant writers instance railway travelling as having caused many accidents, but the analogy is false and absurd. Those killed in trains and steamboats are almost entirely those who of their own free will travel in them, apart from the fact that the number of killed and injured is less. In motor accidents on the other hand numbers of those injured are innocent pedestrians who hate all motor cars and their drivers, and are not responsible in any way for their fate, going about their duty, as they are, on their own roads, as they are bound to do.

The excuse of ignorant or unscrupulous motorists that pedestrians are growing more careless, hence the increase in accidents since the

abolishing of the speed limit, is obviously false and idiotic. Every pedestrian knows that he grows more careful, not less, as the speed of motor traffic increases. Every mile per hour increased speed means, of course, greater danger. Speed is the chief cause by far of the accidents, and the more speed the more accidents.

Johannesburg.

T. B. BLATHWAYT.

### Building Societies

SIR,—Building Societies have grown rapidly in recent years in their usefulness to two distinct classes of people, namely the Investor, and the potential property purchaser. In the latter class is the recipient of a stable income who has insufficient capital to enable him to make a direct purchase of the house he desires to occupy. Building Societies afford him the opportunity of becoming the owner and paying for that house by what is very little more than an ordinary rental.

The great attraction to the Investor has been and still is the fact that he receives a stipulated rate of interest which is paid to him free of Income Tax. Although such interest has to be included in his Income Tax Return in arriving at his total income he pays no Income Tax in respect of that interest either by direct payment to the Revenue or by deduction. He receives the full rate advertised by the particular Society in which he makes his investment.

There is also the longstanding but mistaken impression amongst very large numbers of people that the Building Societies pay little or no Income Tax towards the revenue of the Country. The contribution which the "Woolwich Equitable" makes to the Board of Inland Revenue is well over £50,000 per annum, and this sum satisfies the Revenue Authorities for any income tax liability on the interest received by individual Shareholders or Depositors.

W. R. FAIRBROTHER.  
*Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.*

SIR,—The attention of my Committee has been directed to a paragraph which appeared in your publication of the 14th instant under the heading: "Building Societies' Finance"; and I have been requested to point out to you the absurdity of the comment you published.

Sometimes a paragraph may be right in one particular, but this particular paragraph is wrong in every respect.

In the first place, there are few, if any, Building Societies in the country paying a deposit rate of more than 4 per cent.; and, even with regard to share capital, the maximum rate of the vast majority of Building Societies is not in excess of 4½ per cent.

So far from Societies not daring to foreclose on default by the house-owner, where such default is deliberate Societies exercise the power under their mortgage deed without compunction; but, as a matter of fact, there is comparatively little default on the part of mortgagors.

My Committee trusts that you will think it only fair to give the same amount of publicity to this letter as was given to the paragraph to which exception has been taken.

G. E. FRANEY.  
*National Association of Building Societies.*



## NEW NOVELS

*Nymph Errant*, by James Laver. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*English Comedy*, by J. C. Moore. Dent. 7s. 6d.

*Come, Dreams Are Endless*, by Sydney A. Knight. Cape. 7s. 6d.

*A Professional Christian*, by J. C. Hardwick. Cape. 7s. 6d.

"*NYMPH Errant*" and "*English Comedy*" have something in common, and yet it would be difficult to find two books so utterly different. In the one a young girl and in the other a middle-aged man set out to find Adventure. The girl has been "finished" at a school in Lausanne and is on her way back to the Aunt who lived in Oxford, and her search for Adventure was fairly simple—it consisted in always and at every opportunity saying "Yes." She said "Yes" to Andre de Croissant in the train, and, instead of continuing her journey to Oxford and the Aunt, she goes with him to Deauville. She said "Yes" to Alexei, the leader of the orchestra in the Deauville hotel, and goes with him to Paris. She soon tired of Montparnasse and very quickly said "Yes" to a young man who was an ardent believer in *Nacktkultur*, and they proceeded to divest themselves of all their clothes and to live in a forest. After this she travelled quickly and smoothly to a castle at Hohenadelborn (the Count introduced himself in the car—he had just met her on the hotel steps and she quite simply and naturally allowed herself to be guided into the magnificent vehicle with the emblazoned door), and the fact that the Count himself persuaded her to give herself to a Greek financier (he owned a yacht) surprised our young heroine very little. These adventures continue for a year, and the changes take place fairly frequently, for the young girl simply cannot bring herself to say "No"; they continue until she finds herself once again passing through Lausanne (she escaped out of a Turk's harem, by the way, to catch the train), when she decided that perhaps she might just as well go home to the Aunt who lived in Oxford.

It comforted me a little to find that after the absence of a year the old lady only said "Aren't you a little late?" and I hoped against hope that Evangeline had one of those very imaginative minds that can conjure up Adventures and live them in the realms of Make Believe. The pity of it is that, notwithstanding all its foolishness, "*Nymph Errant*" is beautifully written.

The middle-aged man's Adventure was very different and much more real. John was a solicitor's clerk, and he wore a bowler hat and his coat was black and a little shiny and his pin-striped trousers were not very well pressed. John had an Aunt, too, and she was nearly as accommodating as Evangeline's. She left all her money to John, and so our hero throws away the bowler hat, spins a coin for North, South, East or West, and sets forth to find Adventure. He finds it in country lanes and villages (I'm afraid Evangeline wouldn't have thought them adventures at all), in a travelling circus, at race meetings, and,

trudging along the road, he makes friends with Adventurous people. Mr. Moore has written a book that I was sorry to put down; a book of Adventures which were within the realms of possibility and in which the hero and the heroine were not for ever living indiscriminately with chance acquaintances. But it isn't as beautifully written as "*Nymph Errant*."

"*Come, Dreams Are Endless*" is adventure, too. Adventure mixed with Fantasy, and the result is deplorable. Fantasy need not be fantastic. It can be quite beautiful and yet quite intelligible, and, again, strangely enough, it can be unintelligible and still beautiful; but when it is neither of these things, when it is quite unintelligible with no beauty, then fantasy is a terrible thing, a fantastic thing. Personally, I can find little that is beautiful in "*Come, Dreams are Endless*," and, as for understanding it, there seems very little to understand.

The centre of the story is the little golden key which opens anything and everything at any time, but such pointless, inexplicable things happen to the possessor of the key that it seems as if he would have done very much better for himself had he never found the thing at all.

Captain Crewe was a Temporary Gentleman, before he became a Professional Christian, and, with the end of the war, was expecting the loss of his Sam Browne belt. Then he perceived that he could, without much difficulty, train for the ministry of the Church of England, and, though the absence of the Sam Browne would cause an uncomfortable draught and a loss of "amour propre," as an entry to society cassock was synonymous with Sam Browne Belt.

Captain T. C. Crewe, then, lost his Sam Browne and found his cassock. He was ambitious. He wanted a gentleman's life, a "lady" for wife, and an assured position with the more important, socially and financially, laity of provincial country towns. (He didn't value the county so highly—they were apt to have interests other than the parish church and the ambitious vicar). With the aid of his religion (in this case another word for cassock) he managed a great deal. He was mistaken for a gentleman, he found his lady wife, and when Mr. Hardwick, tired of working miracles, leaves him with sails set to a following wind, he is fast on his way to a bishopric.

Mr. Hardwick's "*A Professional Christian*" is a bitter attack indirectly on Christianity and directly on bishops and vicars and curates. Whether he is justified in writing an unpalatable book rests more with him than with me—he has written it and I need, after all, not read it. The specialised knowledge which the author is evidently in a position to bring certainly makes the book interesting—specialised knowledge from the inside is bound to be so—and it has the advantage of a hero not cut from any stock type; but whether the subject is suitable for a novel or likely to rectify what is wrong with parochial Christianity to-day seems doubtful. Mr. Hardwick is disturbed about it, and rightly so, and when he writes a constructive criticism, we shall be quite ready to listen to him.

A.A.

## REVIEWS

### THE TRAGEDY OF REDMOND

*The Life of John Redmond.* By Denis Gwynn. Harrap. 25s.

IN this rather long and laboured biography, Mr. Denis Gwynn does not give the medical reason for John Redmond's premature death in 1918 at the age of sixty-two. But the proximate cause was presumably a broken heart. Staunch and faithful to the party and the cause which he had chosen, Redmond had led the Nationalists from the utter disorganisation that followed the Parnell divorce to the victory of the Parliament Act, and finally to the passing of the Home Rule Bill in 1914. He had succeeded where every other Irish Nationalist had failed: yet two years later came the Dublin rising, and the Irish leader—and it must be added Dillon also—was kept in as complete ignorance of the event as Birrell or any English politician.

Easter week in Dublin was not merely an act of rebellion against the United Kingdom; it was a definite desertion of Redmond and a rebellion against his authority. He had been deliberately kept in the dark by the Sinn Feiners, and the reward for thirty years work for his country was to be told he was not wanted. Mr. Gwynn writes with a fine restraint of these matters, but if ever a statesman had reason to complain of the ingratitude of the people, it was John Redmond.

The earlier part of the book is mainly occupied with the long struggle for Home Rule, the political feuds within the Irish party, and the bargain with the Asquith Government over the Veto and the Lloyd George Budget. Mr. Gwynn does his best to be impartial over Ulster, but he cannot be said to have succeeded; he fails to see that if Ireland had a case for contracting out of the Union with Great Britain, Ulster had as good a case for contracting out of the Union with the South. Redmond recognised this difficulty of a minority within a minority, but he recognised it too late; with the result that Ulster, denied the appeal to argument, appealed to force—which in turn led the South to appeal to force. The Irish Volunteers, as Mr. Gwynn frankly admits, were a nightmare to Redmond, who was a constitutionalist first, last and all the time; and from the moment of their formation the power of the Irish Nationalists began to decay.

By 1917 the Parnell party was moribund; and looking back, it would have been far better for Redmond's fame had he died after making his famous declaration at the outbreak of war in 1914. That magnificent gesture—which was entirely on his own initiative, and without the opportunity of consultation with the party or the caucus—could only have been made by a man of true nobility of soul, faced by an emergency that threatened the two countries in common ruin; the rest was an anti-climax, and at last were dregs and ullage.

Mr. Gwynn has produced a painstaking political record, but somehow, in the masses of

speeches and documents with which he deals and from which he quotes somewhat too liberally, he misses both the tragedy of Redmond and the irony of Ireland's history. A shorter book would probably have been a better work.

### REVERIE AND RECOLLECTION

*Greystones: Musings without Dates.* By a City Man. Maclehose. 3s. 6d.

THIS unassuming little volume is likely to have a large circulation, for what appears at first sight to be a mere volume of random recollections contains in fact unpublished letters from such men as Bonar Law, Balfour and Haldane on matters of intimate or public importance; and what purports to be a mere series of disconnected musings turns out to be a genuine philosophy, that must be read more than once for its full savour of kindness mingled with shrewd judgment to become apparent. As to the first, take the following letter from Balfour on the old Scots tongue (which, according to the Principal of Glasgow University, lost its high estate when James I came from Edinburgh to London and the Authorised Version of the Bible standardised the southern form of English):

"I do not think the language of Burns will ever become unreadable by men of Scottish descent any more than the language of the Bible and of Shakespeare by the English-speaking world. But surely the problem before us is not so much to preserve variants of the literary language, which is the common possession of the Empire and the U.S.A., as to preserve that language itself in its purity. Of course, by purity I do not mean pedantic immobility. I should be rather afraid of further multiplying linguistic studies in our schools. Irish, Welsh, and Gaelic in the British Isles, Flemish in Belgium, Catalan in Spain, Provençal in France, and in Italy the dialects spoken in Venice, Naples, and Turin surely hamper intercourse in the great literary countries quite enough already. I should be reluctant to give them official stimulus. The legacy of the Tower of Babel is sufficiently burdensome already.

"These are my present thoughts on what I admit is a very difficult and doubtful problem. I am quite open to conversion, but until the conversion takes place . . ."

Sound sense that, and truly Balfourian. Now for a glimpse, more intimate than any of his friends have yet given, of a man who was both honoured and misjudged by the great public in his life-time, but who, in spite of profound learning and a critical intellect, preserved to the end something of the faith of a little child:

"Time passed. My next meeting with Haldane was at Cloan. Ill health had made outdoor exercise fatiguing. 'Bruce,' his great retriever, was lying stretched in front of the drawing-room fire. The dog was unwell, like himself. 'Ah, Bruce, doggie, I know exactly how you are feeling.' And that evening at family prayers he spoke about being prepared for anything in the new year, even death, which he said should be regarded as but one of the incidents of life."

It would be easy to continue these quotations indefinitely; the whole book is full of these unsuspected glimpses at close quarters. But who, the reader will ask, is this author, who was on intimate terms with men of every party, who corresponded with great officers of State as an

equal, and who, though apparently a Scotsman, knew four successive Archbishops of Canterbury? (It is true that two of these were Scots.) The secret is not divulged—the author has evidently respected so many confidences in his life that he can hardly be blamed for keeping his own counsel if he chooses—but from internal evidence it is clear that the anonymous writer lived for many years in London, that he has at least a nodding acquaintance with Glasgow, and it might be conjectured that he is as much at home on the Forth as the Clyde, and as well known at Westminster as Holyrood. This secret is one that cannot be permanently kept.

#### THE INDIVIDUALIST AT BAY

*Honest Doubt.* By Ernest J. P. Benn. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 6s. net.


THE first chapter of this book is almost the best, though every word of it is worth reading. There could scarcely be a better description of things as they are than the following:—

"The railwayman, bankrupt by a Statutory Wage, a Statutory Rate, and a Statutory Dividend, clamours for the imposition of political handicaps on road transport. The factory owner, with 50 per cent. of his product sequestered for the extravagance of the public purse, loudly demands the imposition of corresponding letters upon his foreign rival. The home buyer, his resources crippled by taxation, has plans for the better regulation of the trader; the trader joins a committee to keep the manufacturer in order; the manufacturer forms a federation for the better control of labour; and labour sets up a Ministry at the expense of the taxpayer. Everybody knows how everybody else can be improved. The management by proxy of other people's business is easy, it is only our own that sometimes presents difficulties."

The author points out that fear has grown while liberty has decreased:—

"There is very little in life left free from the threat of some politician who intends to do something. Fear of taxation of profit reduces the spirit of enterprise below the strength at which it will tackle the risk of loss. Fear of trade union tyranny kills a large part of the native qualities of the worker. Fear of trade arrangements takes a large discount off the total of commercial activity. It is not fear of natural trouble or difficulties; these only incite to struggle and effort, the credit of surmounting them is a prize worth winning. But fear of artificial trouble which no experience can estimate in advance; the building regulation which may be altered when the building is half finished; the customs dues which cannot be assessed until the goods are actually on the quay; the trade union demand that will falsify all the figuring on a contract; the inflation or deflation which will double or halve all values, and all the natural fear of changing circumstances incapable of measurement. Individualism has slain its thousands, but collectivism has murdered its millions."

It is much to Sir Ernest's credit that he has exerted himself sufficiently to be a voice crying in the wilderness, for so many men and women who realise the truth of what he says have come to the conclusion that the world has become a lunatic asylum in which the lunatics exercise the right of a majority rule, against which it is useless to utter any protest. We may congratulate ourselves that Sir Ernest has at least made some sort of protest articulate, although it is still doubtful if any sanity will return to our unfortunate Empire.



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## HOW NOT TO DO IT

*These Moderns.* By F. Ribadeau Dumas. Translated by Frederic Whyte. Toulmin. 7s. 6d.

"TWO halters thrown down beside the sofa." This sentence is calculated to startle the sleepest reader. Does even a French editor who "has the slimness of young Oxford," to say nothing of "an Anglo-American profile," usually decorate his sitting-room with halters? The reviewer is inclined to think that he doesn't. A reference to a punching ball suggests that the translator has committed a champion howler. Can it be that he is not aware that "halterès" is the French for "Dumb-bells"?

After that it is not surprising to find that M. Pierre Drieu la Rochelle is described as an "homme dur" with the feminine indefinite article.

Presumably the translator has reproduced the idiosyncrasies of his author's style. The oddest of these is a panic terror of verbs. Sentence after sentence consists of substantives and epithets, followed by full stops on the principle which the late Mr. Bart Kennedy followed so faithfully in the *Daily Mail*. "Beware of the writer who is afraid of verbs," said one of the masters of English style, "the verb is action and action makes the phrase."

M. Henry de Montherlant, who possesses "recalling plump cheeks," whatever they may be, is described as "An ornament and glory . . . (no verb and a full stop). Pagan and ideologist glory . . . (no verb and a full stop). Glory of the stadium . . . (no verb and a full stop). A strong style . . . virtuosities . . . odes (still no principal verb and a full stop). Philosophy of unbridled individualism, etc., etc.," and never a verb.

It is nice to think that M. Fernand Divoire writes "a poetry of his own of strange architecture, sometimes learnt from such masters as Hermesianax, Alexander of Etolia, Lycophron, and above all, Simmias of Rhodes. Poems touched with idealism, now hard and Nordic, now brilliant with diffused light. Itinéraire—poèmes avec parenthèse—musical and sober, and warm, like the classical chorus, graven as though in marble."

Of M. Morand we learn that "his well-knit, supple frame is carried with a deliberately anglicised simplicity."

Why is nonsense of this kind published?

## THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

*Finance and Politics.* By Paul Einzig. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

IN this sequel to *Behind the Scenes of International Finance*, Dr. Einzig continues his diagnosis of the financial situation through the troubled occurrences of the last few months and up to the present time.

The book mainly concerns itself with the part played by France in her struggle for financial and political hegemony in Europe, and lays bare the political intrigue and bargaining which was the consideration demanded by her for financial assistance towards those countries who were forced by circumstances to apply to her.

The economic blizzard, coupled with France's policy of calling home her foreign balances, definitely assured to Paris the coveted role of the world's banking centre by weakening the position of London and New York, which were particularly vulnerable through their policy of lending their excess balances abroad instead of hoarding them at home as did France.

In consequence, when foreign uneasiness caused a flight from the pound last September, the Bank of England found itself in a position where the drain on its gold supplies threatened to lower the reserve below the legal minimum, and in spite of extensive credits obtained in Paris and New York, England was forced off gold. But with the return of confidence in sterling a few months later, trade bills began to find their way towards the London market again.

There is a definitely hopeful note in this chronicle of the depression, and that is that Dr. Einzig already sees the eclipse of Paris and the return of London as the world's banking centre and in consequence, the end of the deflationist policy of France. This, says the author, was one of the fundamental causes of the depression.

Dr. Einzig makes out a strong case and there is no disputing his facts. One cannot know, of course, the motives behind the facts, but the law of probability points towards Dr. Einzig's reading of them as correct.

The book is lucid and precise, and avoids the usual technicalities which are apt to make a work of this character unintelligible to the average reader.

P.K.K.

## A Private Universe

by

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

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## Books of the Week

### LITERARY EDITOR'S REVIEW

- Life of John Redmond*, by Denis Gwynn. Harrap. 5s. Reviewed this week.
- A Plan of Action*, by L. S. Amery, P.C., M.P. Faber. 15s. A manual for Ottawa delegates.
- The Alien Menace*, by Lt.-Col. A. H. Lane. Boswell Press. 7s. 6d. 100 per cent. British, vouched for by Lord Sydenham.
- Tragic America*, by Theodore Dreiser. Constable. 10s. Scathing and acid.
- Versailles*, by B. D. de Montgomery. Methuen. 5s., or *Did President Wilson stack the pack?*
- Northumberland and Durham*, by Lady Wedgwood. Faber. 5s. A beautifully produced guide-book.
- The Bible Scholar and Spade*, by C. H. Irwin. Religious Tract Society. 7s. 6d. Puts recent excavations in line with tradition.
- The Dandy Hun*. The Bodley Head. 6s., or another tale of an escaping war prisoner; a railway companion.
- Good Fare*. Howe. 6s. Cuisine for the gourmet.
- Becoming*, by Eden Philpotts. Benn. 6s. Poems.

### NOVELS RECEIVED

- Purely for Pleasure*, by Eleanor Mordaunt. Secker. 8s. 6d.
- Somehow Lengthened*, by Alice Corbett. Benn. 7s. 6d.
- The Orchid*, by R. Nathan. Elkin Mathews. 6s.
- Atlantic Murder*, by F. H. Shaw. Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d.
- The Offing*, by E. Vale. Dent. 7s. 6d.
- The Theatre Crime*, by F. Andreas. Bles. 7s. 6d.

## TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

### RENT ROLL AND DIVIDEND INCREASED

The third annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals, Limited, was held on the 9th June, at Southern House, Cannon street, London, E.C.

The chairman, Mr. FRED T. JACKSON, in the course of his address, said: As your company derives the greater part of its income from its subsidiary companies, I will first give you a few facts and figures relating to the British and Australian companies, for it will enable you to follow my address more clearly. The figures relating to the Australian company have been included at the par of exchange.

The capital cost of installations on rental in the British and Australian installation accounts stands at £655,362, and against this sum we have a reserve of £344,584; therefore the net figure is only £310,778. Our appropriation to reserve is £11,612 more than in 1930.

In addition to our depreciation reserve we have a capital reserve of £37,368, which is only available for writing down assets of a capital nature, but is a very useful figure, also a special reserve of £6,146 which will ultimately be available for distribution to the parent company. We thus have total reserves in the accounts of the British and Australian companies of no less than £388,099.

The year under review has been an extraordinarily difficult one. We regarded 1930 as a year of unparalleled depression, but there is no doubt that 1931 was far worse, with the result that during the whole of the period we have had constantly to concentrate our attention on sales development in order to maintain our rentals at the figures at which they stood at the close of 1930, as in times such as we have been going through we are always faced by the recovery of installations due to bankruptcy and bad trade.

I am pleased to say that we have been more than successful in achieving this object, as during the year we have been able to increase our rent roll by approximately four per cent. This percentage is on the revenue taken to the credit of profit and loss account, not on contracts secured and not executed at the date of the accounts. We feel, taking into consideration the trade depression which ruled during nearly the whole of 1931, that the ability shown not only to hold our position, but to increase our gross revenue is no mean achievement.

The chairman, having referred to the improvements made in the organisation, said:—

I will now ask you to turn to the accounts of the parent company. Amounts due to subsidiary companies, £12,358, compares with £14,685 last year, and the explanation involves amounts due from subsidiary companies of £35,675 on the asset side of the balance sheet, as compared with £43,719 last year. These items are explained by the fact that the parent company draws all surplus funds which the subsidiary companies have in their banking accounts from time to time. You will realise that these amount in the aggregate to a considerable sum, and could not be used profitably individually, but in the hands of the parent concern can be utilised for loans to subsidiary companies who may be more busy than others. Any surplus still remaining can be invested.

General reserve has been increased to £50,000, as compared with £30,000 last year, your directors having appropriated a further £20,000 from last year's profits. Cash at the bank is £34,862, as compared with £15,011.

It is of interest to note that the sundry investments and cash in hand are considerably more than the general reserve fund, and we have liquid assets of £95,353. I think, therefore, we are justified in considering that as these accounts are only the third set presented to you, representing less than three years' working, we have built up an extraordinarily strong balance sheet in a very short space of time, and can look forward to the future with very considerable confidence.

Turning now to the profit and loss account, you will notice that the dividends received from subsidiary companies are £2,901 less than received in the previous year. The reasons for this I have already explained earlier in my address in dealing with the accounts of those subsidiaries.

The net profit is £59,342 17s. 11d., as compared with £62,520 5s. 3d., being £3,177 less than the previous year. In spite of this your directors feel that as the accounts of the subsidiary companies have been prepared on such a conservative basis, there is no reason why they should not recommend the distribution of a slightly increased dividend, making the full rate for the year 6½ per cent., as compared with 6 per cent. for last year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

# CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday.*

Like the weather, markets of the Stock Exchange, and indeed the City generally, have assumed a more cheery appearance this week. Less pessimism prevails regarding the outcome of the Lausanne Conference, while the reassuring speech of Mr. Chamberlain disposing of rumours as to an Autumn Budget and a possible further increase in taxation have given that tonic to markets which they so badly needed. The Board of Trade returns for May were less healthy than the April figures, inasmuch as imports are higher and exports lower. At the same time satisfaction is felt that the intake of manufactured articles again shows a falling off, and thus the increase in the total imports is largely due to the big shipments of grain from Canada. On the export side a pleasing feature is the increase of nearly £1,000,000 in our sales abroad of cotton yarns and manufactures.

## A Welcome Development

The influential committee that has been set up by the Governor of the Bank of England, under the chairmanship of Sir Austen Chamberlain, to look after the interests of British holders of the various loans issued under the auspices of the League of Nations, is a development of outstanding importance. Something like £38,000,000 out of a total of £79,000,000 has been subscribed by British investors to post-war reconstruction loans.

The confidence of investors has again been shaken by the default of Greece with regard to the payments due in connection with the Refugee loan, and it is of the utmost importance that this confidence should be restored if the future programme of the League of Nations is to be carried out. It would be difficult to imagine a body of men better equipped for the purpose in view. The Secretary of the Committee is Mr. Francis Rodd, to whom all communications may be addressed at No. 3, Bank Buildings, Princes Street, E.C.

## Good Dividend Payer

Holders of Industrial utilities have much to be thankful for these days if they receive any return on their capital. As so many know to their cost, they are getting nothing, while a great number have had to submit to a reduced rate of dividend. In maintaining their interim distribution at 10 per cent. for the fourth consecutive year, the Home and Colonial Stores, Ltd. are proving an exception to the rule. This company is a member of the big Unilever group, and it has an issued share capital of £4,200,000. As I have said, an interim dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid on the 4s. Ordinary shares for each of the past three years, and this has been followed later by a final distribution of 15 per cent., making 25 per cent. per annum. This is a record which few can equal and fewer still can excel. The shares are naturally strongly held, and are at the moment quoted around 15s. They were at one time last year obtainable at 11s. 3d., while the highest of 1931 was 15s. 3d. for the 4s. share.

## Next Week's Auction Sales

*The important Auction Sales of the following week will be set out regularly in the Saturday Review, and the feature will be enlarged by authoritative notes and comment.*

TYPE OF SALE	AUCTIONEER	DAY OF THE WEEK	OWNER
Armour	S.	Thursday	Late Earl of Moray
Books	S.	Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday	Mrs. Bryan Harland, etc.
Carpets	C. & H.	Wednesday, Thursday, Friday	"By Order of a Bank"
"	K.	Wednesday, Thursday, Friday	To cover Bankers' Advances
Furniture, China, Works of Art, etc.	S.	Thursday and Friday	Capt. Edward Ferrers, Lady Beecham, etc.
"	C.	Thursday	Capt. Norman Colville, M.C., Sir E. Brooksbank, Bt., etc.
"	P.	Friday	
Jewels	C.	Wednesday	Sir Richard Sykes, Bt., G. Pretymann-Newman, Esq., etc.
Pictures	P.	Wednesday	Lady Beecham, Sir James Corry, Bt., etc.
	C.	Friday	The Late Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, etc.
Prints (Coloured)	S.	Wednesday	E. Sydney Esq., Duke of Richmond & Gordon, etc.
Silver	C.	Tuesday	Sir J. G. Thorold, Bt., Sir A. W. White, Bt., etc.
Statuary	C.	Thursday	The late Mrs. Benjamin Thaw
Violins	P.	Thursday	Late Mrs. Myers, etc.

*Auctioneers:—*

*C=Christies, 8, King Street, St. James's, S.W. C & H=Cardinal & Harford, 39-40, Albemarle Street, W. K=Knight, Frank & Rutley, 20, Hanover Square, W. P=Putticks, 47, Leicester Square, W.C. S=Sothebys, 34-5, New Bond Street, W.*



## Literary

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**I** AM preparing a study on Benjamin Franklin Bache (1769-1798) and am anxious to locate manuscript material relating to him. I should greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of the whereabouts of such papers and should like, if possible, to make arrangements for securing photostatic copies of unpublished documents, or possibly purchase such as may be for sale. **Bernard Fay**, address care of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, 34, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or 16, Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, France.

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## Miscellaneous

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## The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, of the week.—ED.]

### Next Week's Broadcasting

*June 22nd, 9.35 p.m. (National).* Mabel Constanduros returns to the microphone in a Revue written by herself and Michael Hogan entitled "Up-Lift." Further comment is unnecessary.

*June 22nd, 9.0 p.m. (Regional).* Listeners who are able to tune-in foreign stations should take the opportunity of hearing "Samson and Delilah" which will be relayed from the Municipal Opera House, Charlottenburg, Berlin, conducted by Robert Denzler.

*June 23rd, 9.35 p.m. (National) and June 24th, 8.20 p.m. (Regional).* The most important event of the week. John Drinkwater has written a play for the microphone entitled "Midsummer Eve." This is the first time that one of our famous dramatists has assisted in the development of Radio Drama.

*June 24th, 8.0 p.m. (National).* The finest English Dance Band will give an hour of dance music. Listen to Jack Hylton.

*June 25th.* From 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. the programme is in the capable hands of the Outside Broadcasts Director. The annual Open Hill Climb at Shelsley Wash, the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon, the departure of the "Georgic" on her maiden voyage to New York, and the Royal Air Force Display, come alike to him. You may be sure they will all be well done.

The Theatre Orchestra is performing six times during the week, under six different conductors. This is either an error of judgment or a policy of despair.

## Theatres and Films

### Theatres

*The Price of Wisdom.* By Lionel Brown. Twice daily, 2.30 and 8.45. A new comedy with Irene Vanbrugh. *Ambassadors'.*

*The Miracle.* 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle. *Lyceum.*

*Musical Chairs.* By Ronald Mackenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard."

*Criterion.*

*Doctor Pygmalion.* By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmund Breon, and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy. *Playhouse.*

*The Cat and the Fiddle.* By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played. *Palace.*

*Somebody Knows.* By John van Druten. 8.30. Tues. and Fri. 2.30. Deals characteristically with a murder case. *St. Martin's.*

*Twelfth Night.* 8.30. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A new presentation of Shakespeare's most delightful comedy. *New.*

*Dangerous Corner.* By J. B. Priestley. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. An ingenious and interesting play, in which the true circumstances of a presumptive suicide are gradually discovered. *Lyric.*

Four Weeks' Season of Ballet by the Carmargo Society. 8.45. Ending July 2nd. The artists include: Dolin, Lopokova, Spessiva, Markova, de Valois. *Savoy.*

### Films

*The Man I Killed.* Criticised in this issue.

*Carlton.*

*Mädchen in Uniform.* This German picture, which is brilliantly directed and acted, continues. *Academy.*

*M. Mr. Lang's latest picture, founded on the Düsseldorf murders. Brilliant in parts, but somewhat slow in action, owing to the English dialogue being "dubbed." Cambridge.*

*Melody of Life.* A sincere piece of work, dealing with the Ghetto. Ricardo Cortez and Irene Dunne. *Tivoli.*

*The Rich are Always with Us.* Criticised in this issue. *New Gallery.*

*Ronny.* German musical comedy in German; some excellent tunes and some fair cinematography. *Rialto.*

*Down Our Street.* Cockney story, directed by Mr. Lachman. Elizabeth Allen, Sidney Fairbrother and Nancy Price. *Plaza.*

### General Releases

*Forbidden.* Barbara Stanwyck gives a fine performance in an emotional drama which is set on familiar lines.

*Service for Ladies.* An amusing picture with Leslie Howard and George Grossmith.

*Arsene Lupin.* Contains the Barrymores, but little else.